

Shock

by starlightwalking

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Summary: Hiccup was shocked that so much could happen at once, and it all so terrible... DRABBLE. My reaction to HTTYD 2.

Shock

I'm sorry if this is terrible, I had to get it out.

I'm also sorry if the dialogue and the specific actions are inaccurate, because I've only seen the movie once and I don't remember the exact phrasing of everything quite yet. XD I'll get there in time, when it comes out on DVD.

I am aware this is really rambling and has terrible grammar, but that's why it's in first person, so it makes sense. I'm narrating Hiccup's thoughts, and his thoughts are really messed up right now. I just had to write this, because HTTYD 2 killed my little fangirl heart and I had to write something in response. XD

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Shock<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>I was losing him. I was losing Toothless. I kept talking to him, reassuring him, but the kind and playful look in his eyes was gone. He was under the Alpha's control.<p>

Even though I was losing control of the situation, I knew I had to keep trying. I had to keep calm. But the blue fire was building up in Toothless's chest and I knew I was in danger.

Suddenly, a huge weight pushed against me and shoved me to the ground, just as I heard the familiar sound of Toothless firing a shot. For a few moments I was out of action, but then I stumbled to

my feet, gasping for air.

My father lay on the ground, hunched over.

He wasn't breathing.

At least, he looked like he wasn't breathing. As I began to panic, I crouched down to make sure he wasn't just faking it.

My mother ran up to us and pressed her head to his heart. Hope rising and falling and dying all at once, I glanced at her, my heart in balance.

She shook her head.

\_No.\_

I might have said it aloud. I'm not sure. Maybe I did, maybe I didn't, but emotions were so jumbled and confused that I don't know for certain.

No, no no, nonono, no \_no\_!

He's gonna come back, he's gonna sit right back up and laugh at how anxious I look, he's going to sit back up, he's not really dead, he \_can't\_ be dead, it's not possible, no, no, no, no, \_no\_! He's \_not\_ dead He can't die, he's not dead, he's just faking, it's all a trick.

But I can't reverse the clock, and he \_is\_ dead. He's dead and he's not going to somehow be alive, he's \_really\_ dead, \_really\_, and I can't do anything about it, and it's all my fault, because Toothless was going to kill \_me\_, not him, and it's my fault andâ€”

\_Toothless\_.

Toothless killed him.

And now I don't care that he was my best friendâ€”

I don't care he would never have done it on purposeâ€”

I don't care, I don't care, I don't \_care\_â€”

But he killed my father, and it's all I can do to keep myself from trying to kill him in return.

"No, get away from him!" is what I do shout, trying to shove Toothless away. Because that light has returned to his eyes and he's normal again, he's consciously aware of what he did now, and he may be sorry but nowhere near as sorry as me and Mom and Dad too, I'm sure.

"\_Get away!\_" I screamed at Toothless and even though I regret that decision later, even though it seemed like a bad idea in my heart of hearts, I didn't feel bad when he drew away looking hurt and flew off with the other dragons behind the Alpha.

Astrid later tried to comfort me, telling me I was in shock, but I

pushed her away too. I wanted to be alone for a little while. Well, maybe just me and Mom. I was in shock, about everything: Toothless's unwilling betrayal, Dad's death, my betrayal of Toothless...

None of it seemed real. I didn't know what to believe any more. The world around me seemed dangerous, more so than it ever had been before. I didn't want to believe Dad was dead, but he was, but maybe I was just having a bad dream, and he wasn't andâ€”

Soon the exhaustion and the shock got to me and I crashed for the night, in a deep and untroubled sleep.

Maybe things would be better in the morning... if anything could ever get better.

End  
file.